

### Two Weeks Vacation on Wheels Through the Land of Sunshine

A Family That Enjoyed a Good Outing And did not Use an Automobile Either

Roughing it? Well, just a little for living in a prairie schooner is as near to living as our forefathers did as it is possible to get in these days. There is mountain climbing, of course, and exploring the wilds of the Orient and the white fields of the north, but only the financially well fixed can afford these pleasures. They are a luxury, to say the least, although they involve much risk and danger. But a prairie schooner! What visions of the old days does this overland vehicle recall to mind? It brings back the days of yore; the days when you and I used to read the wild west stories of Indians and cowboys and glory in the time when we would don our hunting suit, shoulder our "old trusty" rifle, and go forth to kill the grizzly bear and fight the Indians.

But those days are past forever. Not that adventure has gone from the land, but the Indians are living on reservations, peaceful and lawabiding now; and the grizzly has gone to almost extinction. But what about this prairie schooner? Where's the story? What's all this talk about anyway?

Here's the secret. It's about a summer vacation spent in a prairie schooner. And while a vacation, it also combined business and incidentally a boost for the Round-up. Incidentally did I say? Very well, but this incident part was well to the forefront.

The schooner in question was fitted up by Bob Fletcher, a local fellow who rides a spotted horse much of the time when not taking care of the circulation work of the East Oregonian, and who also plays trap drums and blows several different kinds of horns. He conceived the plan of spending a trip in the open, living the simple life; talking newspaper business and boosting for the Round-up. The party comprised his wife and children, a team and saddle horse, a prairie schooner, guns and fishing tackle, a tent and plenty of grub. Grub, by the way, is the western term for food.

From the time he left Pendleton on August 7 until his return, two weeks later, a distance of 250 miles was

covered. He passed through three different counties, stopping in many towns and at many ranches along the way. He traversed plain and mountain; hill and valley; verdant vale and barren waste. And everywhere he went he found anxious persons wanting to know about the Round-up. The prairie schooner was fitted out to carry all the necessities of living. There was a covered grub box, which when opened formed a table. Shelves and compartments were arranged neatly to hold things. A small tent was used at night in which to sleep. It was rigged alongside the wagon. With this outfit, and two weeks of leisure ahead, it was possible to make 35 or 40 miles a day.

As said, the party set out on the seventh of August. The first stop was made at Pilot Rock, which with its new buildings and business bustle is considerable different from the Pilot Rock of former days. Then came Nye and finally Vinson. Here is the home of Donald Ross, who is a large sheep owner and the party stopped for a visit.

Vinson was left next morning and the journey that day took the party to Lena, then on to Heppner via the famous "Franklin" grade. At Heppner the party stopped two days and nights.

Heppner, the thriving little city and county seat of Morrow county, was the scene of the great flood in 1903 when 250 lives were lost in a cloudburst. The party camped along the stream which at that time became a raging torrent, sweeping people to their doom. It is called Willow Creek, harmless enough now, to be sure, and really it takes some imagination to see that creek as it was on the day of the catastrophe. When the party pitched its tent, houses had formerly stood and was the principal district previous to the cloudburst.

Leaving Willow creek and Heppner behind, the party thence made way to Butter creek and stopped one night at the ranch of Joe Hays. Then the prairie schooner was under way again and soon the Old Eagle sawmill

was in sight. This is a historical place, at least in the minds of those to whom it has been a landmark for many years. The same old buildings that stood 25 years ago are still intact. The mill is now owned by Uncle Joe McLoughlin. He also has a stock ranch and dairy nearby.

A few miles southwest of this mill are the Umatilla county coal mines which many Pendletonians will recall. The coal is there, in quality but not in quantity, a fact which many have long since regretted.

The Gurdans and Polts countries were next touched. Here are wonderful stock lands. Leaving this region, the party came out upon the "Sugar Bowl" and here was the first adventure of the journey.

Over a Cliff. The old prairie schooner had been behaving very well so far, in spite of the fact that some of the country proved rough. But upon the Sugar Bowl things came to a pretty pass. The wagon tipped over a declivity and came near going down into the canyon below. Strenuous work was required before it was finally pulled back to safety.

Out upon the vision now as the party went forward, sprang the inspiring sight of the Camas Prairie. The villages of Albee and Uklah were visited, some Round-up literature was left, a chat was had with many of the inhabitants and thence on again the party proceeded.

Camas gorge was a point touched, where the Camas creek flows for 10 miles down a canyon. The walls in many places are steep and inaccessible. Here is the ideal home of the mountain trout.

Next comes the North Fork of the John Day in Grant county. The party stopped at Desolation creek and then headed for Hidayay springs. This is a popular summer resort conducted by William Scott, the owner. There are excellent spots where hunting and fishing are enjoyed. Lehman Springs came next. The party visited here several days. Frank McNeil who for the past several summers has conducted this popular resort, enjoyed a prosperous season, there being several hundred people camped there.

And here the prairie schooner was trimmed and sail set for home. The faithful horses plodded along carrying the dust-stained but happy party through Bear Wallow, Yellow Jacket Grade, Mountain Home and the summer home of Elmer Snyder of Pendleton. Bear Wallow was named because in the days when the wild animals roamed there, this spot was used by the bears as a wallow, bears being particularly fond of cool retreats and plenty of water.

Then came High Bridge near which are the fine ranches of Will Wright, Alfred Smith, Herbert Boylen, Cunningham Sheep and Land company and many other prosperous ranchers where alfalfa fields show the results of irrigation. Pilot Rock again was reached and a visit at the fine ranch of Mr. Evans was enjoyed and then the last lap of the journey brought the party into Pendleton. Here many things were noted by the way that made the journey doubly interesting. The improvement which is going on upon every hand was noticeable. At Camas prairie, for instance the "schooner" came upon an engineering crew of the O.-W. R. & N. railroad surveying. The engineers greeted the party cordially, and expressed high praise for the country thereabouts. Many good grades are being encountered, they said, and the work is going along with much progress. Ultimately two railroad lines will tap this rich section of Umatilla county.

Then there is the Hinkle-Teel ditch which will mean much when finished. This ditch will draw up the waters of Camas creek near Lehman springs, form a reservoir, and thence carry water through Camas prairie and Snipe Valley to near the "Old Bently" sawmill. From here a tunnel will be run through the mountain, emptying the water into Butter Creek near Willow Springs, and thence making it available for land near Echo and the lower Butter Creek countries. In the vicinity of Pilot Rock and Nye harvest was in full blast, a bumper wheat and barley crop having been produced and is being produced each year on land that formerly was considered fit only for pasture.

This then was the way of one family who desired to get away in the open and spend several days in the fields and the woods. And what, in this western land, is more fitting to spend such a vacation with than a prairie schooner. What indeed!

#### Historic Old Cemetery Holds Story of Hardships

(Continued from Page 12.)

few remaining of those who knew the man who bore it can tell how the hand of death interposed to prevent the attainment of an ambition just as its gates were reached. Elected to represent his state in the national congress he died before he could take his seat. What his political adventures could not accomplish in a long and strenuous battle, the grippe effected with one fell blow. Walking on Main street with Major Moorhouse after a successful consummation of his campaign, weakened and worn by the long strain of worry and labor, he suddenly collapsed and his unconscious form was born to his home, where he soon expired. Thus ended an active life, the greatest achievement of which was untimely frustrated. H. I. La Dow, whose name is familiar as a prominent citizen of Pendleton of today, is a nephew of the deceased man.

It is not to be supposed that a brief sketch of this kind can incorporate any more than a few of the incidents in the lives of some of the more prominent figures of the early days of this section of the state. It is not in the power of living man to detail even the names of all those who lie beneath the sod of that old cemetery. Some graves are there which have been unknown since their making and will ever remain so. But still, even known spots occasionally identified, and the name of its once living occupant recalled.

It was but a few weeks ago that a

stranger, chancing to pass by the old cemetery and being interested in things historical, allowed his footsteps to stray among the broken slabs and tombstones. As he turned to leave, a lady, well advanced in middle years, approached him from across the graveyard and inquired if he sought some particular grave. Upon him explaining his only general interest, she told him of how she had many times of late searched amid those ruined monuments for the grave of a girlhood friend. Together the two searched again for the lost spot and, finally on a fragment of marble half buried beside a weed grown mound, they found the name of Dora Loney, scarcely traceable. The sight of it brought back a flood of remembrances to the lady, for the two had been inseparable in their youth and the one had been at the bedside of the other when she had joined death's "innumerable caravan." "Her father," the lady said, "I think was the best man that ever drew breath. He drove a stage out from here for many years and Dora and I waited tables for him at his stage house just where the east entrance to the city now is." She talked for long of those early days and, when she turned from the spot, it was with the expressed intention of returning on the next memorial day to pay tribute to her departed friend.

These few incidents here written down, as has been said, form but an infinitesimal part of the history which lies buried within those many tombs. By far the greater portion will never rise to live in the memories of future generations, but must lie sealed within those ghostly archives unto eternity.

#### IS A WISE OLD HORSE

Ben Corbett is one man who will testify to the truth of the old saying that church isn't out until they quit singing. He quite forgot that little proverb last year else he might have been one of the winners of the bucking contest. Ben qualified for the finals and drey Cyclone, one of the worst of the bad ones. He made a beautiful ride, too, scratching his mount at every jump until there seemed to be no more buck in the animated whirlwind. Cyclone stopped his cavorting in front of the grandstand and Ben sat in his saddle waiting for the pick-ups to take him up. As he waited he smiled and probably he had visions of being acclaimed a champion for he had made a fine ride and he knew it. But alas for his hopes! He forgot that Cyclone is an outlaw that uses his head. Far from being bucked out he suddenly demonstrated that he had only been using his wits.

He suddenly proved his title to his name. So quickly did he spring into the air and so unexpectedly was the jump that Corbett was literally catapulted into the air. He was lifted straight up out of the saddle and Cyclone jumped out from in under him, allowing him to alight feet down on the ground. Ben smote the earth with his hat and those nearest declare he said something that sounded like "Damn."

#### When He Stopped.

In a suit lately tried, the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I thought we should get at the truth!" observed the counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I payed all I owed."

#### Figure it Out for Yourself.

Passenger—"Why are you so late?"

Guard—"Well sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."

#### Do you live in town?

No. I live out in one of our diaphanous outskirts.

Diaphanous outskirts? Yes. They haven't a tree in them bigger than a gooseberry bush.

## FALL SHOWING

of the Famous "Indian Head" Garments

For Ladies and Misses, made by J. & F. Goldstone & Co., New York.

## Coats and Suits

of all the new materials for Fall—in all sizes

WE CAN FIT YOU

We have on display by far the largest stock this store has ever shown—Enjoy the Round-up in one of the

"INDIAN HEAD GARMENTS"

F. E. Livengood & Co.

The Ladies' and Children's Store



### Known For Its Strength

—The—

## First National Bank

Pendleton, Oregon

Oldest and largest National Bank in the state outside of Portland

Deposits \$2,000,000.00

Resources \$3,000,000.00

### SECURITY

### Modern Bottling Works Sanitary

With the recent addition of modern machinery we are now operating one of the most up-to-date and sanitary bottling works in Oregon.

BOTTLERS OF

Hires Root Beer, Soft Drinks, Sodas, and the Famous Pendleton "Export" Beer

We cater to the family trade and out of town orders receive our prompt attention

## Pioneer Bottling Works

Paul Hemmelgarn, Prop.

222 E. Court Street Phone 177

## Hardware Headquarters in the Round-Up City

You will always find here everything you would expect to find in a similar store--and many things more.

# Monarch

MALLEABLE

The "Stay Satisfactory" Range



We specialize on articles of genuine merit. Articles we have tried and tested ourselves, and we can recommend and indorse.

You will find here all of the good—the best—the pick—of standard manufactured articles, such as

MONARCH RANGES, COLE'S AIRTIGHT and RADIUM HEATERS, AERMOTOR WIND MILLS, MYER'S PUMPS, SHARPLESS TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATORS, WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS, O. V. B. CUTLERY, COMMUNITY SILVERWARE AND UNION LOCK FIELD FENC ING.

To which we add our own guarantee, as well as that of the manufacturer. In connection with our hardware business we conduct one of the largest and best equipped tin and sheet-metal shops in eastern Oregon.

## THE TAYLOR HARDWARE CO.

Pendleton, Oregon